

THE

Popes Ware-House,
Laid Open to the World:

Or, A True Account how many

TRADES
The Pope is on,

VIZ.

He is a *Gold-smith*, a *Jeweller*, a *Linnen-Draper*,
a *Silk-Man*, a *Turner*, a *Brazier*, an *Iron-monger*,
a *Stone-Cutter*, a *Tinker*, a *Vintner*, a *Corn-Chandler*,
a *Drover*, a *Coach maker*, a *Body-Seller*, and a
Soul Seller.

To which is added Sir *William Wallers* new Dis-
covery of the *Popes Sham-Plot*.

Entered According to Order.

L O N D O N,

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Book-Seller, 1683.

The Popes Ware-House laid open to the World, or a true Account how many Trades the Pope is on.

Reader,

YOU may read in *Rev.* 18, 12, 13. What a stately Shop of Ware the Antichrist has, where you may have for ready Money, the Merchandize of Goods and Silver, precious Stones and Pearls, fine Linnen and Purple, all Silk and Scarlet, all Thyme or Sweet-wood, all manner of Ivory, all manner of Vessels of precious Wood, of Brass, of Iron, and of Marble, yet more, yea, Cinnamon, Odours, and Oyntments, yea, Frankinsence, Wine and Oyl, yea, fine Flower and Wheat, yet more, there be Beasts, and Sheep; and Horses, I wonder Asses are left out, and Chariots, and Slaves no doubt on't, but the greatest Ware is behind, the Souls of Men.

But I wonder he exposeth his Scarlet to Sale having so much use for it to array the Scarlet Whore, as also that the Beast should be a Seller of Beasts, and above all, I wonder what a price he sets upon the Souls of Men, seeing our Lord Christ (whobest knew the worth of Souls, because he only went to the Price of Souls) valued one Soul worth the whole World; *Math.* 16. 26. Surely he must be the Antichrist who selleth Souls for Trifles. In a word, surely this *Pope* is Jack of all Trades, here he's a Goldsmith, with his Gold and Silver, and it may be a Bancker, I wish him to become a Banckrupt; here he is a Jeweller with his Pearls and precious Stones; here he is a Linnen-Draper with his fine Linnen and Purple; I doubt he wants the *Scotch-Cloth*; here you have him a Silkman with his Silks of all sorts, and fears not but he has Satten (or Satan)

Satan) enough, here he is a **Turner**, that sells all sorts of Vessels, wherewith he turns the World up-side down, this he effects by Vessels of wrath, but he sells for Slaves the Vessels of Mercy, here you may have him one while a **Brazier**, with his Brass, another while an **Ironmonger** with his Iron, yea, sometimes a **Stone-Cutter**, with his Marble, and why not a **Tinker** too, being a kin to him, that instead of mending some holes, made a many more, yet was well paid for his pains; here he is a **Druggist** with his Cinnamon, Odours and Oyntment; here he is a **Vintner**, with his Bottles of Wine to comfort the Heart, and his Cruises of Oyl to chear and clear the Countenance, 'tis well if there be not a Tincture of the Wine of *Sodom* among hands, yea, rather then fail he becomes a **Corn-Chandler**, affording you **Wheat**, either broken into Flower, (with Bran enough in it,) or in the whole Grain, but a little musty by laying in a bad *Granary* or *Garner*, the Apostolical Chamber, nay rather than sit Idle, he will come as a **Rustick Drover** to sell Beasts, and Sheep, and Horses, (well mouth'd and man'd all, and made as Tame as Asse) then a **Coach-maker**, who has his Chariots to Sell, but have a care they carry you not to *Purgatory*, instead of *Abrahams Bosom*, and lastly he becomes a **Body-seller**, and a **Soul-seller** also, but let us turn a side to see this great wonder, but hold, 'tis dangerous venturing into his Antick Chamber, least this Grand Cheat pick your Pocket, viz. Here are some of the *Popes Wares*, that are exposed to Sale by Inch of Candle, take as followeth.

Imprimus, a Pardon for the third part of your Sins, for 7l. 10s. and if you would buy the other two parts, 'twill cost you 22l. 10s. and a very rich penny-worth.

Imprimus, a Pardon for 48 years sin, as you can agree with his unholiness, he is as good as the Devil can make him, you

may possibly wheedle him to your own terms with Nuts and Apples.

Imprimus, a Pardon for 2800 years, may be had Dogg cheap, only for saying a few prayers, they will keep you out of *Purgatory* for a long time upon easie Terms.

Imprimus, a Pardon for 33000 years, at a very low Rate, only for once going up a pair of Stairs.

Imprimus, for Perjury 9*s*. for Murder 2*l*. you may Kill your Father, Mother, Wife and Sister, and shall pay but 10*s*. 6*d*. for Adultery 7*s*. 6*d*. for Burning a Neighbours house Dogg cheap at 12*s*.

Item, if you be a Priest, you may keep a Whore, paying 12*s*. and 6*d*. and if a Layman it will cost you no more, that the one may not deride the other, *viz*. A License to be Lazy at 4*d*.

A License to Eat Flesh in Lent, will cost you 12*s*. here you may have Holy Water, to drive away the Devil, at 8*l*. a quart very dear, but very real, it is able to Conjure away the strongest Devil in Hell, you may have Holy Oyl at 2*d*. farthing a quart, here is Holy Salt at one penny a peck.

Item, here is exposed to sale the Holy Milk of the *Virgin-Mary*, which some of the *Popes* cursed Doctors affirm, is as Sovereign and Salvifical as the Blood of Her Son our Saviour, however 'tis commended most highly for never-Failing to cure Consumptions, far exceeding the Milk of an Ass, or that of the Red-Cow; what a Fool is the Consumptive *Pope* or Antichrist himself, who doth not by this trusty trick disappoint the Divine doom passed upon him, what need he fear (*that the Lord shall Consume him with the Spirit of his mouth,*) 2 Thess. 2. 8. Seeing an hearty draught of this Holy Milk will cure the Consumptions, this *Pope* then said, I will have my will in despite of God, *viz*. Who durst put such an affront.

affronting cheat upon so Holy a Father as *Barnard* the Priest did, which for brevity sake I omit, viz. 'Tis true 500 years ago since they cried in *Rome*, will ye buy any Holy Milk, whereby they did put the greatest dishonour upon the Holy Mother of our Lord, (whom they pretended to adore) in making her such a Milk Beast, as Ten of the best Cows in *Holland* cannot give the like quantity in Ten years.

Yea, here is Holy Bread to be had, (the *Pope's* good man) takes good care for your Table, and to furnish it so far as Holy Water, Holy Oyl, Holy Salt, Holy Milk, and Holy Bread will go, but surely all these do but look like a Lent dinner, I hope his unholiness keeps a better Table for himself; if you be a Water drinker, here's the best of the kind, Holy Water for you, of the *Pope's* own making, I should have said Consecrating, if you be a Milk-sop, here's the best of the kind, Holy Milk, the self same your Saviour sucked out of the self same Breasts, when he was a Child, and who will not be content with the same fare that bred the Blessed Babe of *Bethlehem*, the Holy Child Jesus, and because the Master of this Lent Feast will not under-value you as a sort of Sucklings, he is so kind hearted as to allow you Bread to your Milk, that you may sup it and not suck it, is not biting and supping good fair, especially of Holy Bread and Holy Milk, you must not expect a glass of Wine in the *Pope's* Ware-Shop, but you must suck Wine out of the Bread if you will have it, and can catch it, neither must you grudge that you have only Bread, (though it be but course Barley Bread, such as you were never brought up with,) 'tis however Holy Bread, and the holier, and so more satisfactory, because (as this Master tells you) 'tis a Fragment of those five Loaves wherewith (Christ) fed the Multitude, and picked out of the twelve Baskets (that were taken away) by some of the *Popes* nimble snips

Snips, but I wonder how they have kept it from Moulding ever since, the Mouldy Bread wherewith the *Gibeonites* cheated *Jeshua*, was not so many hours Old, as this Holy Bread is years, at this day, if it be sound Bread that is shown you, take heed you be not cheated with it, as *Jeshua* was with the Mouldy, but you will say, why is Holy Salt prepared for the Table, when the forementioned fair needs it not, answer, you must know 'tis not set there for fashion-sake only.

Here you may have Holy Fish too, and of the self same two Fishes wherewith Christ fed the Multitude also, the Bread and the Fish were taken out of the same Baskets, and if you suppose it fresh Fish, then there is use for your Salt, but to prevent your second objection about the use of your Oyl, you must rather suppose it Holy Fish salted with that Holy Salt, (it could never otherwise been kept so long sweet for these sixteen Centuaries) and then your Holy Oyl will make your Holy Fish, (so called) slip down the better, and be Modish enough, and what would you have more, is not here enough for a four penny Ordinary.

Item, besides this Belly-Timber, here you are treated with a numberless number of Rarities, as first, the Asses tail upon which Christ Rod on, but not a word of his Ears, secondly, *Josephs* Breeches both Thread-bare and out of Fashion, they will do you neither Credit nor Service. Thirdly, a Feather from the Cock that Crew, and awaken'd *Peters* Conscience, yet this startles not *Peters* successor for his Apostacy; as also a Feather from *Gabriels* wing, taken up at such a time when as Angels cast their Feathers. Fourthly, choice Hair-Cloath, the same that *Elijah* and *John-Baptist* wore, good enough for the *Pope* to do Pennance in, for forcing the witnesses into Sack-Cloath. Fifthly, whole Cart-Loads of Apostles Bones, sometimes those of a Thief (as once) drops in among them, good for I know not what. *Item*,

Item, Sold at a very Reasonable Rate;

First, an Holy Rag Clip'd off from Christs Seamless Coat, 'tis a wonder how the *Pope* got it from the Souldiers, to whom it fell by casting Lots, and 'tis a wonder they have not Clipped it all away by this time.

Secondly, the very Slippers Christ wore, when he being weary with walking about doing good, put off his Shoos for the ease of his Feet, surely they were made of well Tanned Leather that lasteth still, and are not Rotted to dirt e're this day; and I wonder the *Pope* doth expose them and not keep them himself, for they cannot want vertue to Cure his Gouty Golls, 'tis strange we here nothing of his Shoos, (in the *Popes* Warehouse) the Latchets were off, *John Baptist* (though the greatest Born of Woman) thought himself unworthy to unloose, *Matth. 11. 11. Luke 5. 16.*

Thirdly, the very Linnen Cloath with which Christ was Wrap'd in the *Sepulchre*, as likewise that wherewith Christ wiped his Disciples feet, I am thinking the Man that Cries in our Streets, (here is your strong lasting Linnen Cloath,) might do good service in this *Romish* Marker.

Fourthly, the very Needles, Thread, Work-Baskets and Sizzers of the *Virgin Mary*, are to be Sold.

Fifthly and Lastly, here you may have whatever your heart wishes, or need doth require, is it any of those many things mentioned in *Rev. 18. 12. 13.* Rich all, here they are to be had, want your Holy Bells, (Baptized with Godfathers and Godmothers,) God Bless our empty new erected Steeple, or want your Holy Beads made of Glass, Wood, Stone, Coral or Amber, Holy Wax for your Candles, Holy Knives for Cutting *Hereticks* Throats, of Holy Roses, at *Christmas* time, a rare Present for Princes, or what else soever, all is Holy that comes from his unholiness, and all have a
Power

Power to drive away the Devil, yet the Devil takes most of those that are taken with these, (Pejsafrauds) Holy Cheats, none of their Names are in the Lambs Book, Rev. 13. 8. God Bless every good *Englishman* from the Beast and his Cheating Tricks.

Here follows the *Sham-Plot* Discovered by Sir *William Waller*; the late Earle of *Shafisbury*, was the Papiests great Stumbling-Block, because his Sagality had so oft countermined their Devilish designs, hereupon *Plots* were laid against his Life, both by Men and Women, in City and Country.

The Duke of *Buckingham* was an Eye-sore to them for saying (I suppose) he would never turn Papiest, till they can eat up the Devil, as they say, they do God in their Host.

There was a Hellish *Sham-Plot* at Last contrived by the Bloody Papiests, to Blow up all the *Protestant* Lords, (the Duke of *Monmouth*) and all the *Protestant* Gentry in City and Country at one Blast, by fixing high Treason upon them all Universally, and when the Knife was at our Throats, God sent Sir *William Waller* to turn up the bottom of Maddam *Celliers* Meal-Tub, where all the Bran of this Brutish Intreague was Discovered.

Cum Multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.

F I N I S.

